Eng. Poetry vol 73.

# THE

# COLLYRIUM

OF THE

# NATION.

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(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)

THE

# CALENDARIUM

OF THE

# NATION.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)

THE

# COLLYRIUM

OF THE

# NATION:

OR,

## THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE SIGHT.

A

# POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

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SPECULUM JUSTITIÆ:

*Reaſon—the beſt Specific for the Sight;*
*Prudential Virtue—ſummit of Delight.*

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THE

# COLLYRIUM

OF THE

# NATION.

FIRST on Philoſophy, my Muſe, direct,
While the keen thought the diſtant climes inſpect;
'Till Amity's the main ſpring of the mind---
The world 'midſt folly wild, gapes ever blind.
Then, ſince this dignity we can't attain,
How weak the man, the butt of others' gain:

Freeleſs from debt, ever prone to borrow,
Conſcious of woes---wiſh for life to morrow!
No variations new, but mixt with cares,
With him that richeſt lives, or pooreſt fares:
The beſt of clay ſome trick chicane will try,
From derviſe ſtrict, to devotee, or fly.
Each in this vale the game of broils muſt play;
Then ev'ry Cynick deem the worſt of clay.
Supernal, th' Omniſcient rules on high!
And as we're good, we're ſtation'd in his ſky:
But as we're Tyrants, puniſhment ſhall find;
Dire the proportion, as we hurt mankind.
Then candid live, and travel 'midſt the heat
Of Phlegethons, you'll find ſome ſafe retreat.

Thro' all the various turns of ruling Fate,
Juſt Heaven's the umpire with the poor and great:

From

From God alone all emanation ſprings,
Conducts Plebeians and Patrician Kings.
Long before Chaos into beings ran,
His thought ſublimeſt, laid the world's vaſt plan.
Firſt emblematic of contentions drew,
For pride to be the cauſe of man he knew.
Then why repine at Providential will?
When Angels felt ſad woes, how ſmall our ill!
Then from that time, diſcords with all took place
Promiſcuouſly, and callous grew the race.

---

Thus the ſtupendous ſtructure of the world
Was form'd; but Babel's on its children hurl'd.
Now where's the dazzled pomp of mighty Rome?
Their triumphs ignoble—all's laid in loam.
The Divinity's obey'd, Pride's as o'ere
Worlds infinite! and thought ſhall be no more.

The

The pendent worlds unknown, and thoſe below,
Shall be like ſleep, whom only God ſhall know.
Then ev'ry ſoul participates his gain;
In eternity th' Omniſcient's chain.

Lo! in the nether ſpheres let's mind our aim,
The Newſpaper, where ſcandal bears great fame.
Where Genius oft in embryo wane's loſt;
For Folly ſtamps its Editors a foiſt:
Where bribes and int'reſt make weakneſs grow;
Except ſome fate ſhall lucky thwart the blow.
All men, with intuition are elect,
And oft, when Cynicks fail, procures effect.
Chief, Inſpiration modifies the race:
It tempers men, and binds 'em to their place.
Inſtinct e'en makes the miſer part his ore,
And do ſome good he never thought before.

Moſt

Moſt times man may perfidiouſly be bent;
But Providence the fatal ſchemes prevent.
From Inſpiration flows this goodly end,
That gives each man his right, impells the friend.
Intuitively, unforeſeen, we find
Philanthropy preſiding in the mind.
Vaſt Fate, that guides our actions by his ſcale,
Impartial to the lib'ral, e'en the frail;
But direful turns the balance on the knaves:
Unerring Doom the candid chiefeſt ſaves;
Temper'd by Art, conducts the world refin'd,
Which marks the diff'rence of the human kind.
Art makes the Savage imitate the Man,
By poliſh'd laws and equity of plan.
Bleſt ſource! Barbarians civiliz'd doth grow,
And Turks in virtue emulous will glow:
Exemplary, they dreadful puniſh vice,
Annihilating ſtrict to fraud in price.

A Turk to hurt a Turk will ſeldom deign,
And Chriſtian Cains for trifles never vain.
Man's Houris, providentially conſign'd,
They keep in humble mood, in learning blind:
Uxorioufly free, ſuch joys we loſe,
By ſuff'ring our affections too profuſe.
Cou'd we adopt thoſe ſov'reign rules divine,
The Prude and Miſanthrope wou'd gnaſhing pine:
That wou'd revive the Spartan vigour new;
Our youth wou'd flouriſh, and our honour too.
The harmony of laws wou'd then efface
Thoſe teeming locuſts, ſtil'd the Human Race:
Then offſprings wou'd diſtill from pureſt love;
Our fame wou'd riſe, and we belov'd of Jove!
For every man his lot and ſtation fixt,
True ſenſe wou'd flouriſh, not by folly mixt.
Literature then rule, but not by fraud,
The cruſh of impoſition, and the bawd.

Two monſtrous ſuffer'd parricidal hags,
Devouring Virtue, Merit ſorely gags.
Direful by them ſee Innocence expire!
The grief of Sires extincting youthful fire.
Seated in ſtate the other harpie ſits,
That Aſſaſſin of Worth and genuine Wits.
Thr' impoſition fell the wiſeſt Sage,
Before, and ever ſince, 'twill rule the age:
'Till Pride ſhall ceaſe, as prophets double ſay,
Revivers then ſhall bleſs that happy day.
Then let us not by phantoms be allur'd.
But ſearch the means to be from folly cur'd.
Devout the prelude, to the plan refin'd,
Let heavenly Inſpiration rear the mind.
Conducting wiſe the learning of the ſoul,
New ſtates will riſe, and juſtice rule the whole:
The regulations then 'mong all will prove
Sweet ſymetry to man, from human love.

By

By Learning's aid revive the drooping State,
The ſource of Arts, the principal of Fate!
Science, beſt comfort, and an honeſt wife;
Two laurel'd champions that encounter life.
With them and policy refind our birth!
Will phœnix riſe---Elyſium dwell on earth!
True Genius let not in oblivion pine,
But rear its ſplendour from that drear confine.
Ingraft in all this ſalutary joy,
To ev'ry merit fix a due employ.
Each poor man juſt, his ſtate commiſerate,
Humane ſubſcribe, yet equipoiſe the weight.
The Nation's bulwark, local, firſt we rear,
Be them a chiefeſt ſtudy, and revere.
What heart but bleeds to ſee ſuch wretched poor!
While Rulers ſtygian feed on plunder'd ore.
Let's but impartially the annals trace,
Great Grandees now, ſprang from the meaneſt race.

The progeny of Footmen now wear ſtars,
Beggars made Lords, thro' cheats and civil wars.
So their Anceſtors, who to gain ſome meat,
In adulation ſkill'd, lick'd Wolſey's feet.
The recreant dolts, all indigence deride,
'Till oft mere want impells the ſuicide!
Many who can't procure the fatal ball,
End their exiſtence near dread Newgate's Wall.
The braveſt men, their adamantine care
Their Country ſav'd, yet victims of Deſpair!
Thus the plebeian Tar, environ'd with ſtrife,
Thro' penury will rob, or uſe the knife.
Men loſt, without employment and reſource,
Enough to make 'em pelf, or die perforce,
By dint of want, they act againſt the grain,
The braveſt heroes on the dreadful main.
For mortals 'tis impoſſible to pen
The worth intrinſic of ſuch dauntleſs men.

The Grecian Ajax, fam'd whole troops to mar,
Is a mere puff to one brave Britiſh Tar.
Humanity now bleeds, to ſketch their pain
Moſt exquiſite! their prize a Halter's gain!
Our matchleſs Shakeſpear's golden thoughts ſublime,
Join'd with the Orpheus lays of Pope divine,
Cou'd not, leſs mine, to paint their life of woes;
Nor Swift's juſt ſatire cruſh their home-bred foes.
Stern minions of the State, the Nation's drill,
The more they vital pierce, their coffers fill.
Infectious breath, from whom all ills doth ſpring,
And ſpread contagion far as India's King.
Wou'd that their frames were in the candid graſp,
Myriads no more wou'd then by Tippoo's gaſp!
The ſpleen of baſiliſks wou'd diſſipate,
Impolicy no folly wou'd create.
With venom worſe, remote they ſpread the bane---
Sad cauſe! Man's fruitleſs blood manur'd the plain.

Where

Where many warlike Cootes for knaves did bleed,
To gain that ſpoil on which the vampires feed.
No more wou'd Neroe's breed the ſanguin'd fray;
Deſpotic Rulers then wou'd drop the ſway.
Inſated graves for Pomp wou'd belch no phlegm,
And lurking Folly ſpurn'd, wou'd quit the helm.
For then the Golden Age wou'd rule again;
Sweet temper'd Harmony among all men.
Couch of the ſource of life augments their ſhame,
Which the Rhodomontades did ſternly claim.
Elate like Boreas, that pernicious thief,
Myriads cruſh'd fatherleſs, and no relief.
What breaſt glows not with zeal to link the ſtring,
And make the wolves' oblivion in the ſwing!
Slander prevails, where Virtue has moſt part,
The Monarch good, unbiaſs'd, gains the heart.
Still wing'd Fraud exiſts, and ſtill in chaſms deep,
Each fibre darts its ſpleen to make us weep!

Lo!

Lo! victims numberleſs, ſee ev'ry year,
States gorgely deck'd, by execution's geer.
Our Nation's ſhame! ſuch numbers loſt on air,
The price of blood too frequent wrong their wear.
For Pomp, graves gaping, dive in ſchemes profound,
Sharp impoſt mowing indigence around.
Fawning their emblem, fam'd they act Tom Braſs,
And like a goat, deflow'rs the deareſt Laſs.
Soul of her father, whom this chief of Wags
Enſnar'd; by him tranſmogrify'd from rags.
Once as this ſtroller, wandering drear 'midſt night,
By penury emmeſh'd, without a mite;
A ſtorm rag'd on, and caught the vip'rous thing;
Some manſion near, impel'd for ſource did ring.
Well for his braſs the Maſter prov'd a loon,
Too gen'rous, ſhew'd him to his warmeſt room;
Reviv'd the fugitive with choiceſt meat,
With fondneſs parental he nurs'd the cheat.

Oh!

Oh! the hard fate of Man, his ſcorpion flail,
To love the Fiend, in Angel-friendſhip's veil!
So this fond father, now of cenſur'd fame,
Brought on his fondling Braſs an endleſs ſhame.
Fram'd with philanthropy, and nature kind,
Succour'd the viper of his peaceful mind.
Too much good nature prov'd his vital gaſh.
Like Adam dup'd, man's ſharp unbounded laſh,
The world's vaſt ſtorm, thro' Eve's raſh longing tongue,
Cruſh'd Worlds and Emperors, the level'd dung.
So he raſh, ruin'd his joy's ſole with himſelf:
The upſtart Agent's now, elate with pelf,
This goat perfidious, worſe than Tarquin bent,
Rear'd deſolation from the barb'rous rent.
Next, with dire wiles he lur'd her eaſy grace,
To give her wealth, and of his grimac'd face:
Thus deep equip'd, precipitates his flight,
Ere his dark plans did glare to public light.

Loſt 'midſt London's crowd, generouſly bluff;
By them, and Brinſley's Wit, exiſts the Puff.
For candid ſpeculation ſketch the hints,
The gen'ral rumour late, well known in Prints.
Vaſt Time's luxurioufly oblivion's lot,
This Hydra in the noiſy World's forgot.
Juſt, Intuition, ſtamp his annal's fame,
Ingrates ſhall have the monument of ſhame!
Sometimes the Public ſaw, and he was cruſh'd:
But now, alas! enrich'd--ſad deeds are huſh'd.
Still with more proofs the time we might prolong,
Leſt this juſt ſketch, too true, might ſwell too long.
My ſons, beware, to ſide the ſtranger's part,
For kindneſs wrong beſtow'd, oft breaks the heart.
But when we find the man of grateful mind,
A peaſant then may princely prove and kind.
As we knew him, the worſt of Adam's race,
And like his birth, mean, proud, treach'rous, and baſe;

Sure

Sure then, 'twas juſt to form ſuch braſs, the buſt
Of recreant dolts, the poor's deſpotic truſt.
From our toſs'd barks they unload golden ſpoil;
To ſuccour knaves, we feel inceſſant toil.

Lo! dear Mechanicks, ne'er from cares relax'd,
Slaves for mere trifles, and unceaſing tax'd.
Immutable at Sorrow's grinding ſtone,
While Stygian Chiefs ſneer, gorg'd in wealth at home!
Cordwainers moſt ſhall execrate the Wight,
Who, drunk with wild Ambition, rob'd our light;
In garrets pent, with babes a helpleſs ſway,
Hard toil'd, but no proportion in the pay,
Deſpotic prov'd, by impoſt on our light,
At the year's end we're hardly worth a mite:
Emmeſh'd our ſouls within their iron net,
Barely ſuſtain'd, we're loſt in labyrinth's debt.

With

With means not paid, and nothing to the good,
Too much we feel the pang, bereft of food!
Source of the State, the brighteſt of our men,
Victims have pin'd in Radamanthus' den.
Whether men brave, moſt poor, or as they may,
The Nation's Saviours fall theſe gorgons' prey.
Fie! ye rapacious Chiefs—what, never full?
Luxurioufly gorg'd by poor John Bull,
Your gaping tools, inſenſible and dull,
Diſrob'd of rights—ah! that's the greateſt bull.
Deriv'd from candid Erin, in miſtake,
Thro' all the nerves of John's a thrilling ache.
Diſperſe the miſts, and be no more miſled,
As in Rebellions, with falſe Muſic fed,
Like Dolon falſe, ſpeaks fair, afraid of Fate!
JOHN gull'd, Iſcariot like, repents too late:
A little powder cows his ſoul with fear,
Servile he crawls, diſrob'd from all held dear.

For

For all been huſh'd, Diſſimulation peeps;
No promiſe kept, poor John his folly weeps!
With ſhackles heavier than before he's ſped—
Then curſt that wretch who eats ignoble bread!
Stabbing dear Time ſubſerviently away,
For hearts Caligulas, far worſe in ſway—
Wou'd franchis'd breaſts cou'd boaſt great Caſſius' name!
Like him united, cruſh vain maxims maim:
Th' intellectual glory of his brain
Fir'd him to ſpurn the folly of that reign.
Enormity 'midſt horror then wou'd dream;
He's daſh'd on rocks, or thruſt in Etna's ſteam.
In Richard's dread the haughty Chiefs wou'd ſtart,
If that we play'd the Janiſſaries' part.
Sublimeſt rules! all tyranny ſubdue—
Fill'd Temple Barrs, wou'd chear the candid view.
But, for a woeful life poor John retains,
He let's infringements ſteal his blood-earn'd gains.

Sore preſs'd, his darlings ſlain, but ſtil'd a brute,
To theſe dire wrongs remains a ſervile mute!

Oh! cou'd great Cato's ſoul inſpire the breaſt,
Nobly expire, or gain your right---the teſt.
Ariſtocracy miſapply'd, our fall---
The braveſt tricks, the poor it makes its ball.
What's puny Life, compar'd to Freedom's bliſs?
A ſlave ſubaltern to a Houris kiſs!

Rouſe, Nations, and your ancient rights regain,
Glorioufly expire, nor die in vain!
That which Columbus found, inſpire the ſoul;
Invincible, like them, ſpurn knaves' controul.
Then Erin pregnant, ſhew your noble blood,
And Juſtice ſpeaks, wiſe Franklin, in your Flood.
Too long Oppreſſion's bitter cup ſtood full;
Senſe half has ſpilt, the reſt on rods---John Bull.

You have begun, let Prudence guide the Plan;
Aſſert your Right, or loſe the name of Man.
May Pallas terminate the mighty Day!
But oh! avert the carnage from a fray!
That's already too much ſtamp'd our overthrow---
Benignant Heav'n! prevent another blow.
Let Equity the hearts of Britons bind,
The world defy'd, can't ſuch a bulwark find.
Nabobs and Chams, with all the pompous pow'r,
The Globe ſhall tremble, when they hear the hour!
When we behold theſe beſt, unrivall'd plains,
Mutually aſſent, 'midſt Profuſion's gains---
Ne'er let ſtrong Erin raiſe the Siſter's ſlurs,
And leave the Country's railing gab to curs.
Let not that empty thirſt of pomp ſtamp dearth,
With friends in peace, in war, in grief, in mirth!
Egyptians loſt, without the fecund Nile,
When Albion's ſever'd from this bleſſed Iſle.

Sweet

Sweet Peace preſide, while the beſt Monarch rules—
But oh! alas! environ'd 'midſt ſiren fools!
Like Twitcher baſe, they dim the Regal Crown
With fools—they mark it with Meduſa's frown;
Contagious ſpread the plague their foul miſdeeds,
The brighteſt Virtue branded with their deeds:
Probations many, judge from *Eighty*'s flood
Of Catalines, that pin'd for nobleſt blood;
Miſtaken outcaſts, gain'd Tartarean jaws,
Loſt in the dreary deſart of the Cauſe.
The wiſdom of the greateſt ſage rear'd new,
Our Sov'reign charm'd, and quell'd the direful crew.
Virtue, vaſt Time, ſhall clip and carve his buſt—
No King ſhall ever riſe more bleſt and juſt.
With heav'nly inſtinct wafts on human wings,
And to the Poor Effuſion's comforts brings.
A phœnix juſt, connubially kind,
Zenobia's virtue in his Conſort's mind.

Moſt

Moſt lovely Pair, the ſtrings of Joy ye move;
The needy's ſolace, ſure we need not prove.
Omnipotently bleſt, and bliſsful joins
The faireſt offprings, from great Brunſwick's loins.
Ere Priams ſpeech for Hector's corſe begun,
'Maz'd as Achilles, we behold the Sun!
Matur'd with wiſdom blooms the Princely Youth,
Beautifully brave, and genuine as truth:
Replete with all his Father's virtues great,
When Heaven ſhall pleaſe, he'll ornament the State.
The Sire's bleſt race, in Virtue's matchleſs reign,
Bright Henry for his Country braves the main.

Bleſt Charlotte firſt, majeſtically bright,
Her Cyprian charms diffuſing radient light!
Lo! on her brow, Diana's emblem dreſt,
Supernal, with Minerva's powers bleſt!

Heaven's fav'rite, in innocence and truth,
Connubially her worth---the godlike Youth.
Oh! may their loves harmoniouſly combine
T' increaſe the luſtre of that gracious Line!
Elyſian auſpices the nuptials ſped;
Each mutual ardour, with ambroſia fed.
Delight, in lovelieſt forms, ſhall on 'em wait
Symphoniouſly; and crown their bliſsful ſtate.

Sure the digreſſion will not ſeem too long,
The cauſe is worthy of the Iliad's ſong.
Who can deſiſt, impartially to give
The juſt the lays, eternally to live?
Reaſon---the beſt ſpecific for the ſight;
Prudential Virtue--- ſummit of delight.

Let's to the tenour of the nobleſt plan,
Myriads 'twill ſave; employ each uſeful man:

Not

Not tranſient, but with means of fix'd reſort,
By which each Genius ſhall have due ſupport.
Leſs frequent then our ſhame, ſad ſcene of woe!
Such numbers cut off, ſpectacles of ſhow!
Revive the wholeſome laws of ancient times;
Culprits confine as ſlaves, for leſſer crimes.
Impartial ſift each particle of cauſe,
Before ye reſolutely ſeal the clauſe.
In juſtice ſtrict, exemplary combine,
To puniſh vice, but not confound the crime.
Inflictions diff'rent on the culprits fall;
Superlative, the Ruffian's cruſh to all!
Annul the ſeeming Juſtice of the Peace;
The tow'r of riots quell, and ſave the fleece.
With petty-foggers ſpurn theſe gulphs in flaws,
The men ſubſtantial learned, rule the laws.
Refin'd exiſtence, ſcourging fraud and fools,
The ſource of poliſh'd life---its ſacred rules.

Time

Time will find ſecrets, eaſement to the mind,
When tawdry Pomp ſhall quit the human kind.
The whim of fools, in ev'ry ſhape debaſe,
And rivet notes and capers to their place.
All baubles from the ſphere of grandeur ſpurn,
Fortune claims Science! Honour e'er the urn!

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 12, Line 9, *For* minions, *read* Minos.
—— ——, —— 10, *For* they, *read* ſuch.
—— ——, —— 11, *For* breath, *read* gulphs.